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THE

SCHOOL-ROOM PARTY,

&c. &c.

THE

SCHOOL-ROOM PARTY,

OUT OF

SCHOOL HOURS:

A LITTLE WORK, THAT WILL BE FOUND FOR

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, A MOST PLEASING

COMPANION TO THE

LEVERIAN MUSEUM:

So called from its Original Poſſeſſor, the late

SIR ASHTON LEVER.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. LOW, BERWICK STREET, SOHO,

FOR

T. HURST, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1800.

105. MUSEUM. THE SCHOOL-ROOM PARTY Out of School Hours: A Little Work that will be found for Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Every Description a most Pleasing Companion to The Leverian Museum. 16mo, original wrappers. London: S. Low, Berwick Street, Soho, 1800. $10.00.

A fine copy with four pages of advertisements at end. A delightful account (written in the manner of the Lambs' "Mrs. Leicester's School") of a visit to Sir Ashton Lever's renowned Natural History Museum which was sold by lottery in 1788.

PARTY I.

NOW we are pretty well tired with dancing, ſuppoſe, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, we ſeat ourſelves around this great table, and each, in their turn, relate the fine ſights our London friends had the goodneſs to treat us with during the laſt holidays.

This propoſal was applauded by all preſent, and as it was well known that Miſs Thomſon had the gift of telling whatever ſhe had read, heard, or ſeen in a moſt pleaſing manner, ſhe was re-

queſted by the general voice to begin, and, with equal good humour and good ſenſe, ſoon ſpoke as follows:

My papa and mamma are ſo kind, they delight in treating their happy children with agreeable ſurpriſes; accordingly, one day laſt holidays, when my brother and I thought we were only going to take a ſhort airing on the Surry ſide of Blackfriars Bridge, lo! what ſhould come to paſs, but mamma, the inſtant we had croſſed the water, pulling the check ſtring, ordered Joſeph to draw up to the door of *Sir Aſhton Lever's moſt enchanting Muſeum*, where there are certain collections of curious and rare productions; inſomuch, that we had but juſt time to give her our grateful embrace, before we found ourſelves entered therein, and our eyes beholding a variety of wonderful objects.

Mamma

Mamma ſmiled at our pleaſurable aſtoniſhment; but my dear children, ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as you have recovered yourſelves a little, we will begin our view at the firſt part of the collection, and proceed regularly forward; or, inſtead of enabling ourſelves to make a good figure on our return home, we ſhall only have it in our power to ſay, it conſiſts of an immenſe number of beautiful and rare objects, when we ought to point out ſuch particular ones as the apparently well-educated and ſenſible part of the company moſt noticed.

We have, reſumed mamma after a ſhort pauſe, in order to impreſs what ſhe ſaid on our memory, often amuſed ourſelves, when riding paſt this building, with reading the lines under the figure on the outſide;

To me be Nature's volume broad diſplay'd,

taken from a poem written by a namesake of ours, a Mr. Thomſon, called the Seaſons, which I need not tell you is a deſcription of the four quarters of the year, ſpring, ſummer, autumn, and winter, and a moſt glorious volume what he calls Nature is, for it contains all the works of Him that made the heavens, the earth, and the waters, together with the wonderful inhabitants of each; all of whom, as Dr. Watts expreſſes it, when ſpeaking of the birds, the ſtars, and the whole univerſe in general, are continually

> Proclaiming, as they ſing or ſhine,
> The hand that made us is divine.

Now which of you, ſaid Mamma, will make it your care to remember that this entrance part is called the hall, and exhibits or ſets forth many objects that delight and intereſt the learned; although

we

we, in this our firſt viſit, ſhall not pay them much attention, except this ſkeleton head, as it is called, of a young elephant, not forgetting, whilſt you look upon it, that the elephant is affirmed to be the largeſt as well as wiſeſt of all the land animals.

Land animals, cried Miſs Evans (a ſomewhat pert miſs) then we are it ſeems to ſuppoſe that there are water animals of a ſtill more enormous ſize.

Sea animals, if you pleaſe, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, for what think you of the grampus (the name of young whales) that was left by the tide on ſome part of the Britiſh coaſt a few years ago, and meaſured near 100 feet in length.

Mamma led the way, continued Miſs Thomſon, and we followed her into a lobby or paſſage, ornamented on each ſide, if ſuch things as weapons of deſtruction and death can be called orna-

ments, brought by gentlemen, and more particularly by Capt. Cook, from New Zealand, Otaheite, and the Sandwich Iſlands.

Dear Miſs Thomſon, cried Miſs Ravenſworth, (a very ſenſible little girl, about nine years old) you muſt be ſo good as to pardon me if I intreat you to tell us who this fame Capt. Cook was.

This queſtion occaſioned a laugh amongſt the tall miſſes, which Miſs Thomſon checked on the inſtant; for however well acquainted, ſaid ſhe, thoſe ladies who live near London, and are twelve or fourteen years of age, may be with Capt. Cook's name, or his Voyages, it is by no means either a ridiculous or an extraordinary circumſtance, that ſuch a child as Miſs Ravenſworth ſhould be a ſtranger to both the one and the other; brought up, as ſhe has been, until within theſe few months, in Somerſetſhire,

ſetſhire, and of an age when Capt. Cook's fame, though in no degree leſſened, is not ſo much the ſubject of converſation as on the firſt wonder of his diſcoveries, or the univerſal regret of his death; years having paſſed away ſince thoſe events took place, and new objects and new people will have their turn to be talked of. Capt. Cook, therefore, my dear Miſs Ravenſworth, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, was an Engliſh gentleman who ſo much delighted in going to ſea, that having been to the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, was ardently anxious to ſail into what is called the South Seas, in order to diſcover certain iſlands, and the inhabitants believed to be ſituated therein, though at that time wholly unknown to Britain.

And to what purpoſe, ſaid the buſy Miſs Evans, not mere curioſity I hope?

By

By no means, replied Miſs Thomſon, but for the benefit of trade, and, of courſe, the good of his native country. He accordingly viſited the iſland of New Zealand, where the people eat one another.

Merciful! cried all the children, can ſo horrid a thing be true?

It is moſt barbarous and ſhocking, yet it is, replied Miſs Thomſon, a moſt undeniable truth; and the iſland of Otaheite, which had then a Queen for its ſovereign; and on his return home, to his equal ſurpriſe and honour, he found out that fine country, called by him the Sandwich Iſlands, from whence ſo many rare and beautiful things have been brought to England. But at length theſe very Iſlanders, who had adored him as a god, put him to death, and thereby deprived His Majeſty King George

George of a moſt valuable and ſkilful officer; and the Britiſh people of a moſt uſeful and active friend.

Thank you, thank you, Miſs Thomſon! was echoed from all quarters, and pray proceed with your account of the *Muſeum*, the univerſal requeſt—a requeſt which that obliging young lady immediately complied with.

Do but behold, Sophia, ſaid Mamma, what beautiful wood theſe weapons are made of—the produce of the Sandwich Iſlands.—And how elegant, how uniform, how admirable the workmanſhip! Yet have theſe people no other tools whatever than ſharp ſhells, flints, and ſuch-like articles. How tremendous the coarſe finiſhed ones from New Zealand are I need not obſerve to you; for they are quite as ſavage in *appearance* as the hands and hearts of thoſe who uſe them muſt be in *reality*.

O deareſt

O dearest madam! cried I, how is it possible for men bred in solitude not to be gentle in their manners, have their bosoms filled with good will to the whole human race, and to hold bloodshed in abhorrence?

I love you for your observation, replied Mamma; but the equally melancholy and disgraceful truth, my dear girl, is, that cultivation, (or, as it is generally called, education) does as much for the human heart as for the soil of a country, in producing good effects, and rooting out baneful weeds: for benevolence or goodwill is not the natural growth of every breast, but planted therein by having its beauty set before us, and our being made sensible of the benefits it confers both on ourselves and others.

We next proceeded, said Miss Thomson, to the SANDWICH ROOM, or a room totally

totally dedicated to the diſplay of the curioſities obtained by Capt. Cook at the Sandwich Iſlands—whoſe picture, though only a black and white print, ſo ſtrikingly meets the eye on your looking up on entering it, as to compel you to give a ſigh to the original: accordingly, to poor Captain Cook was my heart-felt tribute paid on the occaſion.

The beautiful contents of this room conſiſt chiefly of cloaks made of feathers from birds peculiar to the Sandwich Iſlands—ſome of each of which are ſhewn in high preſervation in the Muſeum. There are alſo helmets, ruffs, and many other articles of ſuperb dreſs; for, ſo bright and lovely are the colours of the feathers—red, yellow, and brown, and with ſo much art diſpoſed, Mamma ſays, to produce light and ſhade to each other, that we may eaſily conceive the conſequence the wearers derive from them;

them: the ſame, no doubt (for they are worn by their Kings) as our ſovereign Princes from their Coronation Robes, and the gems that deck their Imperial Crowns.

Nor are the ladies unprovided with decorations (as Mamma calls them) for their perſons—for here are Bracelets of many kinds, one pair of which is made of a Boar's tuſks—Necklaces and Stomachers of red Berries, of Pearl, of Coral, and of Jaſper—alſo Flappers for both ſexes (flicks, you know, with feathered tops to chaſe away flies in hot climates) the handle of one of which, they tell you, and highly eſteemed on that account by the owner, is the bone of a human arm.

The Sandwich Iſlanders, then, ſaid Miſs Ravenſworth, are almoſt as barbarous as the New Zealanders, to put a human bone to ſuch a uſe.

To

To love our enemies, replied Miſs Thomſon, is a leſſon moſt uneducated minds always have to learn: whence theſe Iſlanders hold themſelves entitled to do with the bodies of their conquered foes whatever they pleaſe.

They have alſo Dancing and Funeral Maſks, (which to me are mighty ugly-featured things) alſo their Idols or Gods, made up of ſmall red feathers—and pearl eyes are in my opinion frightful. Nevertheleſs Mamma affirms that every article has meaning in the deſign, and merit in the execution—being all of them monuments of native ingenuity and indefatigable induſtry.

In a word, continued Miſs Thomſon, the *tout enſemble* is ſo delightful, that I ardently wiſh our whole ſchool were permitted to join in a party to viſit it. Nor do I indeed quite deſpair of ſuch an event being brought about, at

ſome happy period or other, by making our kind Governeſs and our moſt indulgent Relative acquainted with our deſire in this reſpect.

But it is full time, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, I ſhould remember, that I have not only related ſufficient for the preſent, but entitled myſelf to call on whomſoever I pleaſe to vary our entertainment.

This was oppoſed on all hands—until at length this obliging young Lady was prevailed upon to go through this wonderful Muſeum, and of courſe to leave every other ſubject unentered upon for a certain period.

PARTY II.

THE young Ladies having taken their ſeats around the great table, Miſs Thomſon, with true politeneſs and good nature ſparing them the trouble of aſking her, thus renewed her account of the MUSEUM.

The fourth Room, called the SALOON, was now entered by us; and the firſt objects that caught our eye were ſome grand and beautiful ſpecimens of white coral—ſo called, from their reſemblance of the human brain, (Mamma told us)

Brain-ſtone Coral—and the ſhell of an immenſe Cockle or Oyſter from the Eaſt Indies—as you will ſuppoſe when I add what a Gentleman declared he knew to be true, that the fiſh theſe ſhells contain is ſufficient to dine twenty ſeamen.

We next amuſed ourſelves with looking at a quantity of beautiful Vegetable Productions—that is, whatever grows up out of the Earth—as Plants, Graſs, Shrubs, and ſo forth—ſuch has the Cotton Tree, with the cotton-pods burſt through the ſides, from their being full ripe and fit to gather.

What! cried Miſs Dennis, does Cotton grow on trees? I cannot believe it.

Can you believe, replied Miſs Thomſon, as you may behold it with your own eyes in England, that what after a long proceſs becomes Flax, and is ſpun for and woven into cloth, when growing in the fields looks only like a mean weed?

Thoſe

Thoſe therefore (continued this young Lady) who are ſtrangers to Nature's Works in different countries, would do wiſely, if, inſtead of ſetting up an opinion of their own, they were to ſeek (and they would moſt aſſuredly find) information.

This reproof (though ſeemingly very ſevere) Miſs Dennis well deſerved; for it was evermore her ill-bred cuſtom (the ſtrongeſt mark of ignorance and folly) to diſcredit what ſhe was unacquainted with, inſtead of being happy to have an opportunity of obtaining due knowledge thereof.

Here are alſo, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, ſeveral fine ſpecimens of the Lace Tree, from Jamaica, together with a pair of Ruffles made thereof, which to me were a great curioſity — a variety of beautiful Moſſes—ſome Tea, as it is

taken from the trees on which it grows in the Eaſt Indies—with abundance of other equally pleaſing articles. This Saloon alſo contains a number of thoſe curioſities called Foſſils.

And pray what are Foſſils? cried Miſs Evans. That is a learned word, and therefore demands explanation.

You prevent my intention, replied Miſs Thomſon; for I was going to add, that Foſſils is the learned or ſcientific name of all thoſe rare things that are dug out of the bowels of the earth; where Nature ſhows herſelf to be as nice and particular in her works, as in thoſe intended by her to meet the noon-day ſun.

That is very odd to me, ſaid Miſs Allen. Why entomb beautiful things in the bowels of the earth, where no eye can penetrate, or human wiſdom deviſe their uſe?

Miſs

Miſs Allen, replied Miſs Thomſon, you ſpeak moſt inconſiderably on an important point—to even a ſacred ſubject; for ſhall not He who made the world diſpoſe his wonderful works how and where he pleaſes? either above the earth, to feaſt the eye and exerciſe the ſkill of man—or lodge them deep (as I have heard Mamma read) in Nature's ſecret cabinets, the mountain and the mine—wherein ſhe ſo much delights to diſplay her power and perfection.

By Foſſils, therefore, continued Miſs Thomſon, you are to underſtand (as Mamma takes care to teach my Brother and myſelf to do) whatever is drawn forth from beneath the Earth's ſurface or outſide level; the firſt of which kind we ſtopped on this occaſion to view is the Albeſtos—of ſo extraordinary a nature, that it reſiſts or repels fire. There are indeed two ſorts: the one fibrous,

or that can be parted into threads, to be ſpun and woven into cloth: the other a ſolid body, fit for the compoſition of pillars. Accordingly we read in the Bible, that the good people before Noah's Flood made it their buſineſs to erect a pillar thereof, on which to grave the crafts they had deviſed for the benefit of ſucceeding generations; being well appriſed that the world would be deſtroyed either by water-floods or by conflagration—that is, fire.

And what could the people of thoſe days teach the generations that came after them? ſaid the pert Miſs Evans.

Muſic, replied Miſs Thomſon; for we read in the Divine Book I have mentioned, that Tubal-Cain was the father of all them that handle the harp and organ. *Spinning* and *Weaving*; Naahmah, the daughter of Lamech, found out both the one and the other. Beſides a num-

ber

ber of ingenious devices from which poſterity derived great benefit; though I cannot from memory point them out to you.

Of the other Albeſtos Winding-ſheets were made—to preſerve the aſhes of the dead, on burning their bodies, as was the cuſtom of thoſe times, from mixing with any other aſhes.

Burn the bodies of the dead! cried Miſs Allen. My blood is chilled in my veins at the bare idea of ſuch a cuſtom.

And wherefore? replied Miſs Thomſon. For, full well do we know, that, when the ſoul is fled, the body can ſuſtain no hurt—as Mamma was ſo good as to explain to us when children; and to point out to us, at a very early age, where to look for the immortal part of our friends—in the bleſſed manſions of Eternity. The conſideration, therefore, whether our aſhes are encloſed within

the

the narrow limits of an urn, or our bodies committed to a ſumptuous ſepulchre or tomb, there to moulder into duſt by the hand of Time, is of no importance to the dead, and ought not therefore to be permitted to diſturb the peace of the living.

There are moreover, continued Miſs Thomſon, very many wonderful things from the Burning Mountains.

And pray, dear Miſs Thomſon, ſaid Miſs Dolly Finch and Miſs Ravenſworth in the ſame inſtant, do tell us how many Burning Mountains there are—where they are met with—and what is moſt remarked reſpecting them by the learned part of the world.

The largeſt and moſt alarming when it blazes out, replied Miſs Thomſon, is Mount Ætna in the iſland of Sicily—where the Poets (who have manifold odd fancies) tell us the god Vulcan has a

blackſmith's

blackſmith's forge to make thunderbolts for Jupiter, the king of the heathen or pagan gods: nor is the fable without foundation; for the beatings and the bellowings that attend the eruptions, or throwing forth liquid or flowing fire, red-hot cinders, and many other ſuch-like bodies, ſound, it ſeems, to the ear, as if ſome hundred ſmiths were labouring, though nothing more than the war of thoſe violent elements when in a ſtate of convulſion—fire, water, air, and earth.

The ſecond volcano, or furnace of Nature, is Mount Veſuvius, within ſix miles of the city of Naples. The lava and cinders caſt thereout, to the great terror and diſmay of the inhabitants, have repeatedly reached to the very windows of their houſes. Theſe mountains, nevertheleſs (a moſt aſtoniſhing circumſtance, Mamma ſays) are in ſome parts fertile,

fertile, or productive of vegetable covering, as herbs, plants, and flowers—and in other parts barren, parched, and ſcorching to the touch.

The third and laſt is a moſt wonderful natural curioſity; for it is a fiery furnace emboſomed in froſt and ſnow—is called Mount Hecla, and is ſituated in Iceland, a moſt ſeverely cold climate.

Eggs of rare birds, and neſts, eſpecially of the Humming Bird, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, that builds in the green ebony hedges in the Eaſt Indies, much amazed us. And having thus gone round the Saloon, we entered an apartment to the left hand called the SHELL and EXTRANEOUS FOSSIL Room.

Heyday! cried Miſs Evans. What new word have you choſen to puzzle us your uninformed friends? Extraneous Foſſils! Pray what may that hard word *extraneous* mean?

The

The word *extraneous*, replied Miſs Thomſon, is as eaſily explained as any word in the Engliſh language; for it merely ſignifies *foreign*—out of its natural bed or place. Extraneous Foſſils conſiſting chiefly of ſhells in a petrified or ſtony ſtate—Fiſh imbedded in ſtone, and ſo forth. Hence, whence theſe articles (originally ſea productions) are found in places at a diſtance from the ſea (in like manner with the oyſters lodged in Shotover-hill near Oxford) the circumſtance can be no otherwiſe accounted for than by ſuppoſing that they were left behind when the waters after Noah's Flood returned to their boundaries.

Yet although theſe ſpecimens enrapture the learned, and although Sir Aſhton Lever's collection of them is allowed to be the firſt in Europe, they afford the leaſt pleaſure to the young

eye and the young mind of any part of the Muſeum.

But then the ſhells on the oppoſite ſide of the room excite at once our aſtoniſhment and our admiration; for, ſtrange to relate, and wonderful to hear! the moſt lovely ſhells ever beheld are only the houſes or habitations (Mamma aſſured us) of ſome mean worm or ſlug originally naked! But, by the appointment of their and our Creator, what they exſude, or ſweat, gradually encruſts over their heads: ſo that, in due courſe of time, this mean Worm or Slug becomes the owner and occupier of a moſt ſuperb and elegant manſion (or ſhell) diſtinguiſhed from all others by kindred form, or family marks, of which the varieties (Mamma aſſures us) are abundant.

Amongſt the number of theſe ſhells are thoſe called *Cowries*, with long mouths

mouths and undulations like teeth. The *Troches*, a lovely family, are ſo named from reſembling a boy's top. The *Volutes*, moſt beautiful ſhells, thus denominated from being rolled up like leaves. For all Shells, you muſt note, have their fanciful as well as their learned or ſcientific names—both of which we may make ourſelves acquainted with whenever we pleaſe, by looking for them in the Dictionary.

At the top of this room is a collection of Marble Specimens from Italy, from Egypt, and from almoſt every part of the world. Alſo that called Pencil Marble, from Kilkenny in Ireland—and the beautiful Landſcape from Cottom, a quarry near Briſtol, called therefrom Cottom Marble.

On the ſides of the Entrance are many elegant works of art; but what chiefly pleaſed my Brother and me were

two fine Gentlemen (as the label or written paper told us) with *Coats of Butterflie' Wings!*

Croſſing the Saloon, we ſoon found ourſelves in a moſt enchanting ſpot; for the NATIVE FOSSIL ROOM is ſo exquiſitely furniſhed, that the eye and the mind are equally at a loſs where to begin.

Coral (and we all I believe know it by ſight) though once pronounced to be a Sea Vegetable—that is, to grow like the trees on the earth—but now proved an animal production—here meets the eye in the greateſt variety; for though in colour it is alone black, or white, or red, it has different forms in abundance—ſome branching—ſome like pipes—ſome reſembling honeycomb—ſome black and white diſpoſed at regular diſtances, called Cat's-tail Coral—ſome delicately flowering named Mignonette

Coral

Coral—ſome named Mop-headed Coral, and ſo forth—(for, in the ſame manner with Shells, Coral has as many fancy names as it has remarkable or ſingular appearances) with Sea Fans, Sea Whips, and many other moſt curious articles.

In this Room, moreover, there is a curioſity which even Mamma never met with before—and that is what they call Elaſtic or Springing Stone, from its bending when touched, and returning to its original poſition when preſſed no longer. It is framed, to preſerve it from being broken by the ſpectators.

Of Ores, Agates, or Egyptian Pebbles as they are alſo called, Mundics or Marcaſues are beautiful.

We were ſhewn a ſpecimen of the Gold from Mountains—and ſeveral ſpecimens of Iriſh Diamonds.

Native Iron, however, it ſeems, is the moſt valued of all Metals—and

conſequently a piece from Ruſſia is much noticed.

The Derbyſhire and Cumberland Spars are extremely fine—as are alſo ſome wonderful Petrifactions (the name of thoſe things which are hardened by any chance into a kind of Stone) from Matlock in Derbyſhire, where there is, they tell you, a Water that changes Vegetables into that ſtate.

But I forgot to mention, when ſpeaking of Metals, that we were ſhewn ſome of the Copper from Paris Mountains in the Iſle of Angleſey in Wales—ſome Lead Ore that varies the rays of light into all the colours of the rainbow—a ſpecimen of what they call Smelted Tin; which looks like Silver, and I believe is ſo; for veins of Silver are often met with (Mamma ſays) in both Tin and Lead Mines—Specimens alſo of Native Gold, which grows like leaves over the

ſtone

ſtone or ſome ſimilar matter to which it adheres; for Native Gold never mixes with any other ſubſtance or body.

In ſhort, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, ſo unſpeakably was I pleaſed with the contents of this Room, that I could willingly have paſſed the whole day therein —and that too, I verily believe, without one ſenſation of hunger or fatigue; for the gratifications of ſenſe, ſuch as eating, drinking, and ſo on, always give place to thoſe of a more exalted nature, in which the mind is more immediately engaged.

Whence, on ſuch occaſions, being enrapt as it were by the wonders of Nature, we moſt aſſuredly experience a foretaſte of the delight the ſoul will for ever and ever enjoy in a glorious eternity.

PARTY III.

AFTER the uſual ceremonies, the Ladies having ſeated themſelves, Miſs Thomſon reſumed her deſcription of the MUSEUM in the following manner:

We now returned (ſaid that Lady) into the SALOON, and through the centre arch thereof immediately entered what is called the OTAHEITE Room, though its contents are various; for, ſuperadded to the curioſities brought from that iſland, ſuch as Baſkets made of the cocoa-nut, and ornamented with Shells,

Fiſhing

Fiſhing-rods and Hooks of a very curious conſtruction and form — Head-dreſſes — Necklaces and Bracelets for the Ladies—is a grand arrangement of rare Fiſh, amongſt which is the John Dory; for the John Dory actually ſeems no more than the perfect head of a very large fiſh ſeparated from the body—and as ſuch would be viewed with aſtoniſhment at this very day, if (as Mamma told us) the Gentlemen Epicures, who are fond of faſhionable feeding, had not, to gratify their refined appetite, brought it forward to our acquaintance.

The fiſh called the Hammer-headed Shark is alſo a marvellous creature; for its eyes are placed at each furtheſt end of a bone that croſſes the top of the head; which gives it the likeneſs of what it is named.

That muſt be very ſtrange and very curious indeed! ſaid Miſs Finch.

The

The Kite Fiſh, alſo, continued Miſs Thomſon, fixes your attention; for it has wings as large as thoſe of many birds, and not much unlike thoſe of the bird after which it is called; with numbers of others equally ſurpriſing, which I cannot immediately recollect; and, if I could, I ſhould not have time to mention them.

On the oppoſite ſide to the Fiſh are ſome birds; only one of which I ſhall point out to you—and that is called the Man-of-War Bird—becauſe, I ſuppoſe, of its red, terrific-looking neck.

To the right of the Otaheite Room we followed Mamma into what is called the WARDROBE Room—a place of general entertainment to me—though my brother affected to laugh at me for preferring works of art, fancy, and faſhion, to thoſe of nature. But, in my mind, much is to be learned of the manners and opinion of different countries from their

their clothes; and Mamma, I am certain, thinks as I do in that reſpect, by encouraging me to amuſe myſelf, as ſhe muſt perceive I did, with examining them—a ſufficient ſanction for me and my conduct.

The Chineſe Dreſſes for perſons of high rank, both Ladies and Gentlemen, are 'beautifully genteel,' as one of the company who ſtood behind phraſed it. Their caps are very rich—but the remarkable ſmallneſs of their ſhoes would render them unfit for the uſe of children of three years of age in England.

Bleſs me! cried Miſs Lucas, how are they able to walk in ſhoes ſo ill ſuited to their ſize, if they be in any degree ſo tall as other women?

I myſelf, anſwered Miſs Thomſon, made the ſame obſervation to Mamma; who told me it was the faſhion in China for Ladies never to walk, but to be carried

ried from place to place in ſedan chairs. A Gentleman, however, who belonged to another party, called it a 'device of the Chineſe to keep their wives and daughters from gadding,' as he choſe to expreſs himſelf; adding, what to me was very ſtrange, that no Chineſe Lady is ever ſeen in the ſtreets; but they have their houſes built in ſuch a manner as to admit of their being carried in their ſedan chairs over the tops of them, to any diſtance: and by theſe means alone are they beheld by the men in their family or garden parties; both of which are very ſuperb.

How thankful am I, ſaid Miſs Finch, that I was not born in China! for to me it appears, that the beſt name we can give to this mode of female exiſtence is to call it a ſplendid bondage.

The dreſſes from Africa and America, reſumed Miſs Thomſon, are no leſs ex-

traordinary in their faſhion or make than thoſe of the Eaſtern world; and yet I could not but confeſs, at the very moment I was ſmiling at their peculiarity, that the ſhapes or ſtays called boddices, all beſpangled with gold and ſilver, worn by the Britiſh Ladies in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and of Charles the Second, muſt, to the eyes of foreigners, have quite as whimſical an appearance.

Some Feather Hats of great beauty, ſaid to be the work of the Nuns at Braſil, a place in Spaniſh America, were much admired by us; as well as Hammocks from different countries, which are indeed very great curioſities.

And what are Hammocks? I beſeech you, cried Miſs Evans.

A kind of ſlings for beds, replied Miſs Thomſon, which hang from the top of rooms or cabins; for they are very

convenient on ſhip-board, and, more or leſs, are uſed as ſuch by the inhabitants of the whole world.

But above all the reſt, continued Miſs Thomſon, you here meet with (according to a label) the Wardrobe of a Mr. Montague, ſon to the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague—with a figure dreſſed up in one of the moſt ſuperb habits, in order to ſhew it to the beſt advantage, in all the Eaſtern oſtentation—with a green turban on its head, and by its ſide a ſabre of admirable workmanſhip, the blade Damaſcus ſteel (as Mamma told us).—With a variety of elegant Pipes called Hookas, and others from Conſtantinople, with bowls made of Egyptian earth, out of which the Eaſtern perſons of faſhion ſmoke their ſagar, an Eaſtern herb, in like manner as Tobacco is ſmoked in England.

Beyond

Beyond the WARDROBE is a ſmall room containing many curious articles: ſuch as Chop-ſticks, the name of the Chineſe Knives and Forks, one pair of which has the handles ſet with garnets.—An ornament for a Turban, made of glaſs, as fine threaded, and as light and pliable in the wind as feathers—Some Chineſe Idols, or Gods, made of rice, very ugly figures, but from what originals copied Mamma was unable to inform us—With a variety of other articles.

We then returned into the OTAHEITEAN ROOM; to the left of which we entered an apartment that diſplays a moſt laughable ſcene—A collection of Monkeys from all quarters of the earth, which Sir ASHTON LEVER, it ſeems, amuſed himſelf with having ſet up in characters. One repreſented a Tooth-drawer in the very act of drawing a

tooth—(in Mamma's opinion) excellently well done—A ſecond, dreſſed up like a Fop, with a watch-chain dangling by his ſide—A third a Porter, with a box on his ſhoulders—A fourth a Watchman, with his mouth wide open as if crying the hour, and ſo on—Beſides many of the moſt rare creatures of the Monkey tribe ever yet brought to Europe. But theſe are not rendered objects of mirth, but objects of aſtoniſhment and admiration.

Through the Monkey Room is what they call the SPIRIT ROOM, from its containing numerous animals in bottles of ſpirits. Accordingly, you behold Serpents, Adders, Toads, Frogs, and ſome Fiſh in this room. But *I* love to view the beauties of Nature alive, when it is in my power to chooſe my objects; and that Mamma approves my choice is plain, by her encouraging me to gratify it.

it. A Cameleon, the animal long believed to live altogether on air, though now well known to feed on the minute flies that float therein, caught my eye: but I do not find its wonderful power of changing its colour at will either denied or accounted for, to this very day, by the moſt learned.

A Crocodile and an Alligator are placed cloſe to each other, full in your view—in order (Mamma told us) to convince men of ſcience and profound learning, that they are one and the ſame creature, only that the Alligator, or American Crocodile, from difference of climate, perhaps, is much leſs than that found in Africa on the banks of the Nile—a river again rendered famous by Lord Nelſon's glorious victory.

O dear Miſs Thomſon! ſaid Miſs Leeſon, mention theſe no more: the very name of Crocodile makes me trem-

ble; for I have heard it related, that this African animal (which we all know can live both on land and in the water) will creep along the ſhores of that immenſe river the Nile, almoſt entirely concealed under the water, until it can find an opportunity, by popping up its head, to ſeize an unwary traveller and make a meal of him. I hope the leſs, or American one, is not the ſame devourer of mankind?

The Alligator, replied Miſs Thomſon, is much leſs known in every particular than the African Crocodile. And well may that be the caſe, when it is remembered, that though the African Crocodile has been familiar to the knowledge of travellers from the earlieſt ages of the world down to the preſent period, the American was for the firſt time heard of by us in the time of Henry the Eighth,

the

the father of our memorable Queen Elizabeth, on the diſcovery of America.

And was the American world, the world with which we of this generation have had ſo much concern, never diſcovered till the time of Henry the Eighth?

Exactly ſo, ſaid Miſs Thomſon.

But how could it be poſſible, aſked Miſs Evans, for it to remain either unſought for, or unfound, ages before that period?

I will tell you, replied Miſs Thomſon. You muſt know, the Ancients, as the people are called who exiſted ſome centuries before the introduction of Chriſtianity, had an equally proud and ſhort way of ſettling things. Accordingly, thoſe parts of the world which were unknown to them, that is, *unforced* by ſome extraordinary chance on their knowledge, they would take upon them to affirm were not

to be met with on the face of the whole earth. And thus even the Romans, until the time of Julius Cæsar, fixed the 'extent of the world' to the South, to those immense rocks (on one of which now stands the famed fortress of Gibraltar) called by them Hercules's Pillars—The islands of Great Britain and Ireland being also as totally out of their chart, as the Sandwich Islands were out of our conception before Capt. Cook visited them.

Their Globes, indeed, mounted by one Archimedes, a learned Syracusan, proved that the world was round, and had its full half to the rising sun—traced out, as we now behold it, into the three grand sections called Europe, Asia, and Africa—whilst the other half was believed to be a world of waters—until, as I have already mentioned, somewhat above three hundred years ago, a man named

named Chriſtopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, a fine city of Italy, was ſo wiſe and ſo learned as to be convinced that the Weſtern half of the globe conſiſted in part of land (and peopled land) as well as the Eaſtern, of which he was an inhabitant.

He therefore offered his ſervices, in the firſt inſtance, to his own countrymen; who not only refuſed to ſupport his attempt, but even treated his project as an idle dream. He next applied to the King of France, who declined countenancing ſo wild an undertaking. He then came over to our Henry VIII. who in the fullneſs of his wiſdom would have nothing to do with him or his projected voyage.

Mortified, but not diſcouraged, he applied to Spain: the King of Spain, like the other princes to whom he had made application, would not hear a word

of

of his propoſal—when, juſt on the inſtant of his beginning to deſpair, Iſabella, Queen of Spain, ſtood forth his avowed patroneſs, and went ſuch lengths in the cauſe, as to borrow money on her royal jewels to enable her to furniſh him with a ſhip and other grand neceſſaries for a voyage of ſuch importance.

Of the ſucceſs of Columbus in this grand diſcovery—the rivals his fame created him—the impudence of Americus Veſpucius (a proud and unprincipled Spaniard) in giving *his name* to a world he had never ſeen if Columbus had not opened the way—with all the hard treatment he experienced—we read a full account in ſome of our School-books. I ſhall therefore only add on the ſubject, that this vaſt and wonderfully (till then) undiſcovered country, at the very time the Spaniards took poſſeſſion of it, contained two large empires, MEXICO and

PERU

PERU—that the capital of Peru, named Lima, was ſwallowed up, with the chief of its inhabitants, by an earthquake—and that years have rolled away ſince a veſtige of the Mexican empire has remained—that the famous hill called Potoſi, which contains the mines of ſilver, of which we have ſeen ſo much in the ſhape of Spaniſh dollars, is in the Southern part of this now well known world—and that, in Chriſtopher Columbus's time, had Queen Elizabeth, inſtead of her father, ſat on the Britiſh throne, that hill, and the whole Weſtern Continent, had belonged to England; for Elizabeth was as wiſe, as ſpirited, as noble-minded, and far more rich than Iſabella—who happening to be born a few years before her, has immortalized her name to the utmoſt extent of the globe.

How

How monſtrous partial (whiſpered Miſs Evans to Miſs Allen, her kindred mind) Miſs Thomſon is to England.

PARTY IV.

MISS Thomſon had the pleaſure to find her auditors were more attentive, and appeared more entertained, at every new aſſembling than the preceding one. She therefore took much delight in gratifying them at all points; for attention in the hearers is all the reward the liberal-minded aſk for endeavouring to enlighten, to improve, and to inform their friends or fellow-beings in general.

Returning, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, to the OTAHEITEAN ROOM, we thence advanced to what is called the ROTUNDA, or GRAND APARTMENT; wherein the

moſt rare and beautiful Birds are arranged in ſuch a manner, as equally to aſtoniſh and charm the beholder. As we entered, my Brother was ſtruck with the appearance of the Gallery and of the Pillars which ſupport it—both of which I ſhould have called Marble—whereas it ſeems they are made of the ſame materials from Derbyſhire as the curioſities we ſee in ſhop-windows—the cups, jars, and ſuch like. The Gallery is all white, like ſtatuary marble, and the Pillars high-coloured with veins of red.

The lower walls of this Grand Room, that is, thoſe which reach from the gallery to the floor, are lined with great judgment (Mamma ſays) by glaſs caſes containing the largeſt Birds in the Collection; for, being on a level with them, you can view them at pleaſure, compare them with each other, and teach yourſelf

to

to confeſs, how wonderful in form—how curious in plumage—and in what admirable preſervation they are! for there is only the voice wanting to make you recollect that they are not alive.

The Oſtrich, the largeſt, I believe, of all Birds, with a young one, and an egg, are extremely fine—alſo the Caſſowary, much admired by the ſcientific, but a bird that by no means pleaſes me—the Rhinoceros Bird, ſo named from its high and horny beak—the Flamingo, which is almoſt all legs, and has ſcarcely any body, but moſt beautiful plumage. We ſee here alſo the Pelican, a bird for ages believed to feed its young with its blood; but it is now well known to perform that tender office by means of a bag under its long and moſt uncommon beak, which it can dilate or contract at will, and by means whereof, together with its beak, it contrives to drive the young fry of

fiſh into a corner, and ſcoop them into the bag, and by letting the young feed out of this bag, on a diſtant view it appears as though they pecked the parent breaſt (as was imagined) for their ſubſiſtence.

Here is likewiſe a Penguin, a bird of the ſtrangeſt form you can conceive, and unknown to us till the diſcovery of New Holland, or New South Wales, of which it is a native; for it ſtands erect on what appear to be its hind legs: but what we take for fore legs are only fins, with which it ſtrikes when ſwimming.

That powerful-winged bird called the Condor, the largeſt of the Vulture tribe, is alſo here, the extenſion of whoſe wings is wonderful. The Argus-eyed Pheaſant from China, ſo named from the beauty of its plumage, delighted us much—with innumerable others which

I have

I have neither time nor memory to particulariſe.

This Grand Room is warmed by two oppoſite fires—and, after the manner of the other Apartments, is furniſhed with ſophas, on which to ſit down when tired with walking—there are alſo newſpapers to amuſe you when ſeated. Mamma therefore pronounces this to be the ſweeteſt lounge in the whole faſhionable world.

But, for my part, I could not ſit a moment—my eyes were ſo attracted, and my feelings ſo intereſted—inſomuch that I verily believe, had I been alone, I ſhould have gazed about in ſilent admiration and aſtoniſhment from morning to night.

I was for aſcending to the Gallery at once: but Mamma ſaid no; it was her *advice* that we ſhould finiſh with the Gallery—and her advice, you know, is with

us

us a rule of conduct—her will, her children's law.

In the centre of the ROTUNDA is a ſuperb Looking-glaſs that is very amuſing; for it gives you ſuch a view of the objects around you, that numbers (Mamma told us) whilſt it was at Leiceſter-Houſe, have run againſt it, on the belief that they were going into another room; and I for one ſhould ſurely have fallen into the like error, but that it has in this apartment a rail before it of the ſame materials as the Gallery, that checks your advances, and undeceives you on the inſtant.

Mamma ſat down for ſome time—drank a cup of chocolate—enjoying our joy—until, being thoroughly reſted, ſhe had the goodneſs to join us, and lead us forward to what is called the QUADRUPED ROOM. But meeting with a ſmall room to the left hand, we ſtopped on

our

our way to view its contents, and found them to conſiſt of very many curious articles — ſuch as Star-fiſh of various kinds, and particularly that called Meduſa's head, which, as we are told by the poets, is hung round with ſnakes. We may figure to ourſelves the curled-up outſide appearance of this moſt wonderful fiſh, which bears its name.

The Silver Flying-fiſh, a ſmall and delicate kind, with wings proportioned to its ſize, pleaſed us much. This fiſh, when purſued by the Dolphin, (a monſtrous devourer, that preys on it) often flies into ſhips for protection, and is taken by the ſailors.

Alſo many elegant and pleaſing articles from China—Medals and ſuch-like —together with the picture of an Arabian Horſe, that ſeems to have been the prettieſt creature ever formed.

And having finiſhed our ſurvey of this

this Room, we entered what is called the QUADRUPED ROOM, where there is nevertheleſs a variety of other rare and wonderful objects.

PARTY

PARTY V.

ON entering the QUADRUPED Room, the firſt emotion, ſaid Miſs Thomſon (renewing her deſcription the moment they were ſeated) is thankfulneſs that the creatures around you, though they have every appearance of life, have loſt the power of deſtroying their beholders. For here is the Bengal or Royal Tiger, with eyes full of fire, and, as it ſhould ſeem, ready to dart on its prey. A Lion of a moſt formidable yet majeſtic aſpect, though gentle as a Lamb to the little

little Dog placed with him in the ſame glaſs caſe, whom he made his companion, his pet, his unequalled favourite.

I beſeech you, Miſs Thomſon, cried Miſs Ravenſworth, to favour us with the Hiſtory of the Little Dog and the Lion; for I have long moſt ardently wiſhed to hear it.

All the queſtions you aſk, my dear Miſs Ravenſworth, replied Miſs Thomſon, or favours you ſolicit, do you much honour; for they at once ſhow your obſervance of our worthy Governeſs's commands, which are, never to let a ſingle word or circumſtance paſs without getting at the knowledge of its ſignification or meaning, as well as a natural deſire in your own breaſt, which beſpeaks both modeſty and ingenuouſneſs, to be informed; and I am therefore always happy to oblige you.

You muſt know then, to the diſgrace

of

of mankind, there are ſuch wretches upon earth as can torture and deſtroy poor harmleſs and defenceleſs animals for their ſport, as they brutally call it.

Accordingly, one day a party (for we will ſuppoſe them all alike, as people generally run with thoſe who think as they do) having been ſhown all the beaſts in the Tower, ſtopped ſome time before the den of a Lion that was rouſed from his ſlumber by the Keeper for their entertainment—and, in reſentment thereof, was ſhaking his mane, and roaring in a moſt tremendous manner—when, behold! in this moment of rage and wrath, when the creature appeared ready to tear in pieces whatever animal dared to approach, one of the ſtrange party caught up a poor little black dog belonging to a friend of his, and, puſhing it between the iron bars of the cage,

waited

waited with barbarous glee to behold the conſequence.

The little dog, inſenſible of danger, friſked about even, as it appeared, in the jaws of death. But the generous and noble beaſt, inſtead of treating the ſpectators with a ſcene of ſlaughter and bloodſhed; lay down to careſs his new viſitor, ſuffered it to play with his paws, jump upon his back, and, in a word, ſent away the wicked man who fought its deſtruction.

The Lion and little Dog thus lived together in the moſt perfect friendſhip for many years. When food was brought them, the ſovereign of the foreſt never once deigned to touch a bit until the little dog had eaten its fill; and the little Dog, whilſt the Lion made his meal, always amuſed itſelf by playing with his tail—or with ſome other ſuch frolic, which was always ſure to be well re-

ceived by the Lion. The little Dog too always ſlept within his paws.

At length, however, it moſt unfortunately came to paſs that the little Dog died; and the Lion having in vain endeavoured to awaken it (thinking it was only aſleep) hung over it with anguiſh and horror in his looks. His food was wholly difregarded by him—he ſlept no more—and whenever the Keeper (on the double motive of the Dog's becoming putrid, and the hope that once out of the Lion's ſight, it would be forgotten by him, made even the moſt gentle attempt to withdraw it from his paws, where day and night he continued to hold it, the air was rent with his cries—until, what with grief, hunger, and long watching, as the Keeper expected would be the caſe, he one morning found him dead, with the Dog, as uſual, within his paws. And thus did this very little

Dog, that was intended for a ſacrifice to the ſtrength and fury of the Lion, from the tender affection the noble creature conceived for him, become the cauſe of the Lion's death. A rare but much-admired inſtance of animal attachment!

The Ladies, however grieved for the death of the little Dog, were highly delighted with his hiſtory; which when finiſhed, Miſs Thomſon returned to her account of the MUSEUM.

A Wolverine, or Glutton, as it is called, was next noticed by us—the moſt horrid creature ſurely on earth? for it climbs (Mamma told us) up into trees, in order to dart down upon thoſe gentle and beautiful animals called Elks, Deer, and ſuch-like, (which the learned Count de Buffon ſays, he believes were alone created as ornaments for the foreſt) when, ſeizing them by the back bone,

he

he ſucks their blood until they fall down and die.

Oh! ſaid Miſs Thomſon, ſighing deeply, it is moſt melancholy to hear!—That tender-hearted Lady was obliged to pauſe a few moments to relieve her feelings, and all the Ladies profeſſed their ſorrow that ſuch things were.

Next, reſumed Miſs Thomſon, we noticed a little African animal called the Jumper, the hind legs of which are the longeſt ever ſeen for its ſize, and its fore legs the ſhorteſt imaginable.

An Ant Bear—a creature ſo called from living entirely on Ants—is the moſt extraordinary object I ever beheld. It has no teeth—and, indeed, how ſhould it, when it has ſcarcely any mouth? For, though its body is as large as that of a Boar, its noſe is run out into ſo narrow a point, with its mouth at the end of it,

as to contain only a tongue, with which it procures its food.

An Angora Goat, from one of which Mamma's fine white curled Muff was taken, pleaſed my mother and me much—And a Zebra or Wild Aſs, ſuch as was preſented ſome years ago (Mamma told us) to her Majeſty Queen Charlotte, did not eſcape our obſervation.

Here are alſo Bats from Madagaſcar (a large iſland on the Eaſtern coaſt of Africa) with wings of ſo ſingular a length, that, when they fly in flocks, as it is ſaid they often do, they darken the air.

The Kangaroo—an animal altogether unknown to us until the diſcovery of New South Wales, of which it is a native—is ſeen in this Collection. It has, in my opinion, a ſtrange appearance, but is reckoned, it ſeems, good meat in the country from whence it is brought.

The

The Sloth is another ſingular animal; for ſuch is its love of idleneſs, that when it has eaten up all the leaves within its reach on one tree, and is thence compelled by famine to quit it, and aſcend a ſecond, it cries as if it were ſuffaining the moſt cruel treatment imaginable.

In the QUADRUPED ROOM (an equally whimſical and pleaſant circumſtance Mamma calls it) are placed at once the ſmalleſt and the largeſt animals in the creation; for through the centre of the Quadruped Room the Inſects are arranged; where you may turn your eyes from the Tiger to the Beetle, from the Lion to the Butterfly, and feel, whatever object may engage your thought for the moment, how wondrous God is in all his works, and how juſtly entitled to our honour and praiſe.

An Elephant, a Rhinoceros, and a River Horſe are placed in the Garden.

In

In this Apartment we alſo view many works of art, held in high eſteem—namely, Roman Coins, Rings, Locks, Watches, and Styles, made of Iron, with which the Romans wrote on the leaves of the Papyrus, before the art of printing was heard of, or even the uſe of pens and ink deviſed.

PARTY VI.

WE now returned, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, perceiving the Ladies were ready to attend to her, into the Grand Room, or ROTUNDA, in order to finiſh, as Mamma had propoſed, with the Gallery. The Staircaſe is, however, furniſhed with curious articles—ſuch as Helmets, Targets, Halberts, Quivers of poiſoned Arrows, and the like. Theſe engaged our notice for a ſhort time. But when we reached the top, and had only a glance at the contents of the Gallery

we were actually enraptured; and could our ears have been feasted as well as our eye, no earthly delight could exceed what we should have enjoyed.——Such lovely and brilliant plumage—such variety and elegance of form—such indescribable beauty and perfection on every side!

A group of Humming-birds at length, however, caught and fixed our attention. They are enclosed in an oval glass, the stand of which turns round to give you a view of them at all points—A singular pleasure to the beholders! Around the stand is the following inscription, taken from the poet my namesake, already mentioned by me;

> But who can paint
> Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
> Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Lines sweetly applied, Mamma says; for

for ſuch is the peculiar colour of the plumage, that they are called Reflectors —that is, ſhow their beauty by candle-light—nay, in what appears to us the dark; for it returns every ray it collects.

There is alſo much taſte, Mamma obſerves, in the arrangement of theſe beautiful Birds; for they are ſo diſpoſed as to ſeem ſitting at certain diſtances on the ſlender branches of a delicate little tree.

The Bird of Paradiſe, of which my Brother and I had heard and read much, was next ſought out for by us. But not knowing there were more kinds than one, we were much ſurpriſed to meet with a golden Bird of that name: yet, whatever admirers this golden Bird can boaſt, I abundantly prefer the brown one for elegance of form and elegance of plumage. My Mamma was of the ſame opinion.

Nor

Nor could we overlook a lovely ſmall Bird called the Sparrow of Paradiſe.

The Cock of the Mountain is a beautiful bird with a kind of ſilken plumage, delighted us much.

The Toucan, with a beak almoſt as large as its whole body, aſtoniſhed us.

But what particularly pleaſed my Brother, was ſome young Cuckows, which are, it ſeems, deſerted by the parent bird even in the ſhell. Accordingly, you have here grouped in one and the ſame cage the four different birds which benevolent inſtinct prompts to foſter them until they are hatched—to convey them food until they are fledged or feathered, and to teach them to fly—a little hiſtory that affords much entertainment.

The King-fiſher, a bird that delights in ſolitude, is alſo here.

And Pigeons, I ſhould ſuppoſe, in all

all their varieties, highly preſerved indeed—as the Powter, the Tumbler, the Light-horſeman, the Fan-tail, the Feather-footed, the Carrier, and ſo forth. Nor could we forbear making ſome reflections on the wonderful inſtinct that enables the Carrier Pigeon to perform the office of conveying a letter to any diſtance, as on ſome certain occaſions is done by them even at this very day.

There is moreover an open-footed Duck—that is, a Duck without the web which enables them to ſwim. It therefore, with the name, has not the nature of that bird.

A Virginian Nightingale ſtopped me for a moment, and the wiſh of my heart was, to have heard its ſweet note: but the wiſh was idle, and I walked on, ſmiling at my own folly.

A pair of thoſe birds called Curlews,

their plumage the moſt vivid crimſon, were much admired by us.

Alſo a Buſtard, with a fiſh in its mouth, which they tell you it ſwallowed whole, is a curious object.

The Chineſe Pheaſant, both the Gold and the Silver one, were next met with by us in admirable beauty.

But, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, there is no poſſibility of mentioning the twentieth part of even the choice Birds this Gallery contains; in the centre of which a Peacock with its fan ſpread out, is placed with charming effect.

And what is there ſo extraordinary in a Peacock, cried Miſs Evans, which we hear ſqualling from morning to night on every park or garden wall in England.

Which is the ſole reaſon, replied Miſs Thomſon, of our leſſened admiration; for the Peacock, with its horrid ſquall, and its ugly legs and feet, is one of the moſt

moſt beautiful of Nature's works. Its fan, moreover, which it can open and cloſe at will, and of which it is ſo proud, ſurpaſſes the moſt exquiſite plumage of all the Bird tribe.

But perhaps, Miſs Evans, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, you never yet heard the hiſtory of the Peacock?

Miſs Evans, ſomewhat abaſhed at being obliged to reply No to this queſtion, had the humility to add—And therefore you will be ſo good as to favour me with it; I ſhall be much obliged to you.

The Peacock, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, is an eaſtern bird, and was firſt brought from thence in the time of Alexander the Great, ſome two thouſand years ago; who was ſo ſtruck with its beauty, that he made it death to kill one of them. And in this high eſtimation they lived for many years, people paying to ſee them, in the ſame manner as the Engliſh

pay a price for viewing rare and beautiful ſights. During this period, it was alſo the faſhion to ſerve them up at royal tables as a centre ornament in cold paſties, to the great delight of the gueſts.

At length, however, Luxury, which is as untouched by beauty as it is uncharmed by harmony, began to mark its dawn for ſlaughter; and even the ſons and daughters of humanity, as they are called (to borrow Mamma's language) the *Engliſh* of the preſent generation, eat up Pea Fowl without either ſelf-reproach or regret. So true it is, as Mrs. Inchbald ſays, "that all have their faults." For which reaſon, to be juſt we ought neither to have the whip evermore ſuſpended over the ſhoulders of others, nor to lean too lightly on ourſelves.

And thus, ſaid Miſs Thomſon, began, and thus ended, our view of THE LE-

VERIAN MUSEUM. Nor could my Brother and I, for near a fortnight, talk of any thing but its enchanting contents; in which we were indeed encouraged by our Papa and Mamma who rejoiced, they said that 'Nature's Volume' had pages to charm our young minds, enlighten our understanding, and of course lead us to look up with adoration to Nature's GOD.

All present paid the young lady many pretty compliments on the trouble she had taken, and the pleasure they had received; and it was settled that Miss Thomson, at their next assembling, should call upon whomsoever she thought fit to follow her example.

THE END.

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